All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum: What wilt thou doe for her?
King. O he is mad *Laertes*.
Quee. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. Swounds ſhew me what thou't doe,
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy (ſelfe,
Woo't drink up Eſill, eat a Crocodile?
Ile doe't: doeſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Cindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day. *Exit Hamlet & Horatio.*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch over your ſonne,
This Grave ſhall have a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee,
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other:
You doe remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleep, me thought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the Bilbo's, raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſſe for it; let us know
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well
When our deep plots do fall, & that ſhould learn us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.
Hora. That is moſt certaine.
Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me, in the darke
Grop't I to find out them, had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many ſeverall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
With hoe ſuch Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperviſe, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.
Hora. Is't poſſible?
Ha. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leiſure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?
Hora. I beſeech you.
Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines
They had begun the Play: I ſate me downe,
Devis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire:
I once did hold it, as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but ſir now